

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,
HENRY W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct., Editors.

HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL, 1862.

Term: { ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.
Payable in Advance. }

NO. 4

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by "THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES." Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

TERMS—\$1.00 a year, *invariably in advance*. Subscriptions should be sent to DEWITT TOSLEY, Esq., Am Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Hartford, Conn.

Editors—Messrs. GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me., and H. W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct., to the former of whom all original communications intended for insertion in the journal should be sent. Miscellaneous and Agricultural items should be sent to the latter.

Advertisements will be inserted for 50 cents per square of 10 lines. They should be sent to Mr. SYLVE as early as possible in the month.

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The Blind Girl's Dream.

Sleep has fallen on those eyelids which ne'er opened to light of day;
For a gentle smile o'er her pale and features play;
She is wandering in a mystic world unknown to those with sight.

The blind girl lives in her own dark home and wonders what is light.
We know that she is slumbering but by outward seeming—
Ah! who shall say of what is the blind girl dreaming?

Not of the green earth, it's mellow'd light and shade;
Not of the deep blue sky, bright with the sunshine made;
Not of the lovely flowers, tinged with so many a dye;
She knows them by the gentle breeze that wafts their perfume by.

Ah! who shall say by that calm outward seeming—
A stranger to these joys of ours—of what is the blind girl dreaming?

Not of the sea's rough waves or ship aloft on its breast;
Not of the quiet lake, in mid-still waters' stream;
Not of the moonlight pale or Heaven's starry spheres;
But the rustling leaves and whispering winds are voices she may hear.

Ah! who shall say, by sleep's outward seeming,
In that dreary midnight life, of what is the blind girl dreaming?

Not of the sparkling drops that in the sunlight gleam;
Not of the rainbow's hues reflected in the stream;
Not of the moonlight pale or Heaven's starry spheres;
But the rustling leaves and whispering winds are voices she may hear.

Ah! who shall say, by sleep's outward seeming,
In that dreary midnight life, of what is the blind girl dreaming?

Not of the gentle words from lips of kindness dear;
Not of the kind eyes or pity's precious tear;
Not of the moonlight pale or Heaven's starry spheres;
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Matrimonial Quarrels.

"Bear and forbear"—this should be the motto of all married couples. Of what use is it to quarrel? Who will be benefited by it? What was ever gained by the parties themselves by these petty squabbles? It is by such "openings of strife" that discord and death have ensued: the death of peace and human joy. Let all who are disposed to engage in such encounters read and profit by the fate of the couple depicted in the following lines:

A couple sat beside the fire
Debating which should first retire;
The husband positively had said,
"Wife, you shall go and warm the bed."
"I never will!" she quick replied,
"I did so once, and nearly died."
"And I will not!" rejoined the spouse,
"With former tone and lowering brow;
And thus a war of words arose
Continuing till they nearly froze;
When both grew mad, and bawling nigher
Around the faintly glimmering fire,
They trembled o'er the dying embers.
As though the agony had seized their members,
Bewildered like heroes never to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus this once fond, loving pair,
In silence shook and shivered there,
Till midnight faded into morn,
A d-d-c-k were crawling for the dawn;
When all at once the husband said,
"Wife, hadn't we better go to bed?"

Out of Work in War Time.

"It is of no use, Maria: I've tried every-where."

"But you are not going to give up, Peter?"

"Give up! How can I help it! Within four days I have been to every book-binder in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."

"But have you tried anything else?"

"Yes, I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends, and offered to help them if they would hire me."

"And what did you mean to do for them?"

"I offered to post their accounts, make out their bills, or attend to their customers."

Mrs. Stanwood smiled at her husband thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked.

"To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?"

"He is worse off than I am."

"How so?"

"He has nothing to eat."

A shudder crept over the wife's frame.

"Why do you tremble, wife?"

"Because, when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing."

"What!" cried Peter Stanwood, half-starting from his chair. "Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"But our flour?"

"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."

"But we have pork."

"You ate the last this noon."

"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculated to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this, together with the house rent, was a heavy draft upon his purse, even when work was plenty, but now there was nothing.

"Maria," said he, gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a penny in the world."

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything honest is honorable. Should you earn but a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"

"Trust me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to get something to do, I will see that we have our house room."

"I will make one more trial," muttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do anything."

"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"What do you call reasonable?"

"Why, anything decent."

The wife felt inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would find no work. She knew he would look for some kind of work that would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once expressed it.

However, she knew it would be of no use to speak to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit of food was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear, and when he left the house he said, "something must be done."

No sooner had the husband gone out than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked the house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again. She came home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "what luck?"

"Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to get dinner from an old chum, but I could find no work."

"And where have you looked to-day?"

"Oh, everywhere. I have been to a hundred places, but it is the same in every place. It is nothing but one eternal 'no-no!' I am sick and tired of it. I even went so far as to offer to tend a liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.

"Now, what shall we do?" uttered Peter, spasmodically.

"Why, we will eat supper first, and then talk the matter over."

"Supper! have you got any?"

"Yes—plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to-day, and found some."

"You been after work?" uttered the husband in surprise.

"Yes."

"But how—where—what?"

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me to work at once, doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home to my children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."

"What! you've been out washing for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have earned thereby enough to keep us in food through to-morrow at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"

"Oh, I have seen Mr. Simson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of the rent within three months, with the interest on the arrearages up to that date. I told him I did the business; you were away hunting up work."

"So he's got your gold watch?"

"No, he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the payment he would be at rest."

"Then we've got a roof to cover us and food for to-morrow. But what next? What a curse these hard times are!"

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah—what is that?"

"Why, Mr. Snow engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth to his customers. He had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send round to his customers. Never mind all that was said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he meant to call upon the idlers who lounged about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I'm to be there in good season in the morning."

"Well, this is a pretty go. My wife a butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing."

"And why not?"

"Because—because."

"Say, because it will lower me in the social scale."

"Well, so it will."

"Then it will be more honorable to lie still and starve, and to see one's children starve too, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work, I must. We should have been without bread to-night, had I not found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends and engaged to them. At such times as these, it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, as long as it is honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right."

"But my wife—only think—your carrying butcher's stuff. Why, I would sooner go and do it myself."

"If you will go," said the wife, with a smile. "I will stay at home and take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife thus led him. Before he went to bed, he promised he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to a Mrs. Smith's and one to Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when night came he had ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now, than he was at home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, at the end of which time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food of his family, except some pieces of meat which Mr. Snow had given him. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder, who was discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.

"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My family are half starving."

"But can't you find something to do?"

"Nothing."

"Have you tried?"

"Every where; but its no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I have been to the bindery to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?"

"What was it?"

"Why, he offered to let me do his hand-cartering! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! By the powers, I had a great mind to pitch him into the hand-cart, and run to the—"

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place, I should have taken up with the offer."

"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his companion convinced him, and they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his own misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W. It was his former em-

ployer, and just as he was entering the yard of his customer, he met him coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you now?"

"I am a butcher's boy, sir."

"A what?"

"You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir. I'm a regular butcher's boy."

"And how long have you been at work thus?"

"This is the tenth day."

"But don't it come hard?"

"Nothing is hard, so long as it is honest and will furnish my family bread."

"And how much a day can you earn at this?"

"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, look here, Stanwood, there has been not less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting-room for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job of doing my hand-cartering. I told him I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day, but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him. And yet he owned that his family was suffering. But you come to my place to-morrow morning and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he was to quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things; first what a noble wife he had; and second—how much resource for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

Origin of the Names of American States

From the San Francisco Evening News.

MAINE—was so called as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7th, 1720, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

VERMONT—was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, Jan. 16th, 1777, from the French *vermont*, the green mountains.

MASSACHUSETTS—was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I had learnt," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills."

RHODE ISLAND—was so called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

CONNECTICUT—was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mohecanneew word, signifying long river.

NEW YORK—was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

NEW JERSEY—was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France.

the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

PENNSYLVANIA—was so called in 1681, after William Penn.

DELEWARE—was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this bay.

MARYLAND—was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

VIRGINIA—was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

CAROLINA—was so called by the French, in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX of France.

GEORGIA—was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

ALABAMA—was so called in 1814, from its principal river.

MISSISSIPPI—was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, i. e., the river formed by the union of many.

LOUISIANA—was so called in honor of Louis XIV. of France.

TENNESSEE—was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

KENTUCKY—was so called in 1795, from its principal river.

ILLINOIS—was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.

INDIANA—was so called in 1800, from the American Indians.

OHIO—was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

MISSOURI—was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

MICHIGAN—was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

ARKANSAS—was so called in 1812, from its principal river.

FLORIDA—was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

COLUMBIA—was so called in reference to Columbus.

WISCONSIN—was so called from its principal river.

IOWA—was so called from its principal river.

OREGON—was so called from its principal river.

CALIFORNIA—was so called from the Latin words *calida forma*, or, in the Spanish language, *caliente formata*—a hot furnace. Vagaries, however, thinks that the name California owed its origin to some accident, possibly to some words spoken by the Indians and misunderstood by the Spaniards.

The First Prayer in Congress.

In Thatcher's *Military Journal*, under the date of December 1777, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—an historical curiosity:

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers on earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires and governments; look down in mercy, we beseech thee, on these American States, who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, heavenly Father, under thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist

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HARTFORD, CT., APRIL, 1862.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who do not get their papers regularly, will please give notice of the fact to

DEWITT TOWSE,
Am. Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb,
Hartford, Conn.

Errata.

The printer seems determined to make us give utterance to all manner of absurdities. The following are some very glaring ones in the March number:

In "Father's Lesson," 2d paragraph, 5th line:—"we did not"—should read—"he did not."

In "Our letter bag," 1st paragraph, 5th line:—"we were reasoning"—should read—"we were not reasoning."

"Apologize" was put, in one place, for "apologize"—are in daily expectation of receiving a copy of Webster's Spelling Book from some outraged reader.

Sundry Remarks.

Ever since the removal of the *Globe* to Hartford, its Editorial columns have bristled with belligerent pieces interspersed with personalities of a character ill becoming the position of the Editor. His long pent up wrath against those who led that wicked raid upon "Hartford," must needs have had an outlet. His indignation against those whom he regarded as *matricides* to all intents and purposes, having exploded, he may reasonably be expected to resume his proper Editorial character. It is to be hoped that if the *Globe* is to bristle in future with porcupine's quills at all, there may be at least one smooth spot—the Editorial page. The Editor remembers that he promised to be the mouth-piece of the Association, making only one exception to this rule;—but that single exception has grown to marvelous dimensions.

The distinguished poetess, Mrs. Sigourney, favors us with some interesting "Reminiscences" of the early days of the Am. Asylum. No one can be better qualified to speak of them, than the wildome teacher of its earliest pupil, Alice Cogswell.

A writer who signs himself "P," contributes an article to this number, on "Fair Deaf-Mute Salaries." His communication is properly not a reply, but a rebutting argument, to one upon the same subject, in the March number. *Raymond Pallete* treats the subject briefly and ably: his friends have reason to expect a master-piece in the more thorough and elaborate exposition of his views on several points, which he proposes to give, next month.

Philip's "Belligerent Notes" are continued. These letters are decidedly the best features in the *Globe*: every one should read them. In another column we give some extracts from a private letter, concerning the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at San Francisco, Cal., which have been kindly furnished us by Mr. Holmes, of Boston.

On our fourth page will be found the conclusion of "The Vain King," by C. H. T.; and J. R. B.'s "Farmers' Column." Each will repay careful and attentive perusal.

Our thanks are due to those friends who have generously assisted us in various ways. It would "go and do likewise," none could complain that the *Globe* was devoid of interest. We must say that we do not engage to tax the patience of our readers with articles, whether original or selected, which are too long or too high-flown for the generality of deaf-mutes to read with pleasure or profit. And we beg all who send us articles, to bear in mind, that *simplicity and brevity are the two great virtues* in one who undertakes to interest and instruct the deaf and dumb.

Marriages.

In Rowe, Mass., March 12th, Mr. Alfred Jenks, (educated at Columbian,) of Gates Mills, Cayahoga Co., Ohio, to Miss Sarah Lowell Cogswell, (educated at Hartford,) of Rowe;—both deaf-mutes.

Mr. Henry Simpson, of Bridgeport, Ct., to Miss A. F. Boardman, of Boston, Mass.;—both deaf-mutes, educated at Hartford.

Cburitary.

Died, in West Henrick, N. H., March 5th, after a painful and protracted illness, Mrs. Mary S., wife of Thomas Brown, Esq., aged 61 years and 5 days.

Mrs. Brown, a daughter of Mr. Mayhew Smith, of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., was born on the 28th of February, 1811. With her oldest sister, Sally Smith, she entered the American Asylum as a pupil Oct. 25th, 1825, where she remained four years, distinguished for her intelligence, sweetness of disposition, and many amiable qualities. She was married to Mr. Thomas Brown after leaving school, and removed to West Henrick, N. H., where she resided till her decease. She had a hearing daughter, who died young; and a deaf-mute son, Thomas L. Brown, now a teacher in the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. As a wife, a mother, a friend, Mrs. Brown acted well her part, and by her faithful and good-hearted heart secured the esteem of all about her. The fragrance of her memory will be like that of precious ointment, and will ever be cherished by her family and friends.

[By request, we subjoin some remarks made at Mrs. Brown's funeral, by her Pastor, Rev. Mr. Lusk.]

John 1:21.—The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

These words suggest three thoughts appropriate to this occasion of mourning, which will be presented in their natural order.

First—"The Lord gave." James tells us that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." We are dependent upon God for every blessing. Every breath we draw, every pulse that beats is a present witness that God is near. His hand is stretched out, filled with mercies which are constantly dropping upon our path. His gifts are all precious. Some of them, however, we prize more than others.

The particular gift which God has bestowed upon you, my dear brother, of which I wish now to speak, is a wife. You received her from his hand—He brought her into the world, watched over her tender infancy, guarded her childhood and youth, permitted her to receive an education that should fit her for her future station, and in due time directed your steps to her father's door that you might receive this his precious gift. Then, dear sir, your heart throbbled with gladness, for the gift was a help-meet for you. Your warmest affections centered in her, and often you must have said, O God, I thank thee for this precious gift. Her face, like the sun lighted up your dwelling. There was no speech nor language, her voice was not heard; and yet the deepest emotions of her soul found a ready passage to your heart. In process of time the same bountiful Giver placed in your arms a darling boy. God bless the young man in his distant home, and make him a blessing to his deaf-mute brethren! In this child, your companion shared your joy, and never ceased to help you in your efforts to fit him for the honored station which he now fills. She was indeed a gift worthy of the giver, of superior intellect, of cultivated mind and taste, of lively emotions, every way adapted to the necessities of your being. She stood by your side, she lay in your heart of earthly good. She was your all in all. My dear sir, was not God kind to bestow upon you such a gift?

But in giving her to you he bestowed upon this community a precious gift. We all loved her, and always welcomed her to our homes and social gatherings. Her countenance, always unexpressively expressive, kindled deep emotions in those around her.

But why do I speak thus to one who knew her a thousand times better than myself. Yes she was God's gift "the Lord gave," secondly "the Lord hath taken away," the deep affliction which has come upon you is no accident, it is not an event which has happened; but the Lord has mixed this bitter ingredient in our cup. His own hand has done it. He laid the dear one on the bed of languishing and suffering, and kept her there during all the weary months of her confinement; at times he raised your hopes in regard to her recovery, and dashed them again. His eye all the while rested upon the event which has now transpired; he knew the precise moment, but in mercy kept it hidden from you, till at length the curtain dropped and revealed it to you in all its terror. Yes, my beloved bereaved sir, "the Lord hath taken away." It is not an enemy that hath done it, it is the Lord. It is that Being who doeth all things well. And hence we are prepared to say—

Thirdly, "blessed be the name of the Lord." He never makes a mistake, whether he brings into existence a world or blots it out, whether he gives life to a human being, or takes that life away. He is infinitely wise, he cannot err; he is infinitely good, he will not do wrong; "shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" You have great occasion to bless God in view of the past, and if you will now bow submissively to his will and say, "not as I will, but as Thou wilt" your soul will even now praise him. He can make this great affliction good out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. My heart bleeds for you in your sorrow. All these friends deeply sympathize with you, and our prayers ascend to God in your behalf. We would do any thing in our power to fill that aching void in your heart, but you need the help of one higher than man. Like the disciples of John, tell Jesus your sorrows. He can help—He invites you heavily laden, to come unto him and promises that he will give you rest. You hope your dear one is with her savior. May it be your constant prayer and effort that your own soul may be washed in the precious blood of the Lamb of God, and then you will say "it is good for me that I have been afflicted."

For the Guide.

Belligerent Notes.

OUR SUCCESS—BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE—RAISING OF THE BLOCKADE OF THE POTOMAC—McClellan and his DEFAMERS.

Washington, March 25, 1862.

DEAR AUGUSTUS:—Another month has rolled by, and still the star of the Union rises glorious and resplendent, never pausing in its course toward the zenith. As it progresses in its bright pathway, let us thank God for the flood of cheering light which pours into many a loyal soul that for weeks has been darkened with despondency and discouragement. May the bright star scale the heavens' highest heights, and never more be obscured by the mists of uncertainty, or hidden by the cloud of disaster.

How quickly on the taking of Fort Donelson followed the news of the capture of Nashville! Then again, hardly allowing us time to draw another breath, came the intelligence of the evacuation of Columbus, which the rebels had proudly styled the "Sebastopol of the West." Meantime, as our poor heads puzzled over this hasty abandonment of a point which it had taken months of labor and millions of treasure to render, as the deluded rebels fondly hoped, impregnable,—while we were vainly racking our brains to make this strange act accord with the defiant words and brave threats with which they had for a long time been so prone, the great West announced another Union victory. The battle of Pea Ridge had been fought and won. Gen. Curtis, panting from the hard pursuit and severe struggle, must have his say and introduce once more the gallant Sigel to the dear public. They tell us how with twelve thousand picked

troops of the Far West, they have met and beaten more than twice their number, banded together under the three-barred rag of treason. Deep in the wilds of Arkansas, surrounded on every side by beings, men by name, savages by nature, and possessed with the fury of demons and the blind courage of beasts, these western heroes fought through memorable days. Victory hung trembling in the balance. No thought of surrender, or even of retreat entered their souls. Long they fought and well, and the sun of the third day set upon the Stars and Stripes enveloped in victory. Sixteen hundred prisoners, three thousand rebels killed and wounded, and 13 pieces of artillery stained from breech to muzzle with the blood of the fierce struggle, are the trophies of the valor of Gen. Curtis' little army. Many of their number lie dead in that wild spot, the bodies of some, Gen. Curtis says, horribly mangled and scalped by the brutal foes they fell contending with on a fair field of battle. Is not that cause noble whose defenders will dare and accomplish so much?

The East, unwilling to be outdone in deeds of glory, moves its Army of the Potomac. We wait in breathless suspense, hoping the tidings will be of victory; but remembering the confident words of the rebels, some of us feel a vague fear as if fearing the shadow of another Bull Run. The mingled feelings of expectation and dread grow more and more intense. Rumors are thick that the rebels are concentrating every available soldier within a radius of 500 miles behind the ramparts of Manassas. Some say a battle is progressing, or has already taken place. The suspense becomes unbearable, and then the truth comes out that Manassas is evacuated.

The miserable rag which was intended to cover the Old Flag with defeat and disgrace, and lead its admirers in triumph through Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and wave from the summit of Bunker Hill, while John M. Mason was received as Minister Plenipotentiary under its floating bars, and Senator Toombs called the roll of his slaves to the music of its undulations, and which a few short months ago we could see from the Nation's Capitol saucily flaunting treason over Munson's hill, and which afterwards receding to Manassas and Centreville, still kept up a show of defiance, had taken one long lingering look of rage and disappointment at our city, and then vanished far in the southern horizon, never more to return.

With the withdrawal of the rebel army from the batteries of Manassas, disappeared the blockade of the Potomac. This blockade has not been very efficient, it is true. Hundreds of vessels have passed up and down the Potomac without experiencing the least harm from the badly-aimed shots of the rebel gunners on its shores. Still it has been formidable enough to deter peaceful trading vessels and transports from navigating the river as usual. With only one line of transportation with the North left them, and that line, (the Baltimore and Ohio railroad branch) crowded to its utmost capacity to accommodate imperative Government and army business, the people of Washington have suffered a great many inconveniences, and have been put to unusual expense, and this, too, during a time of great scarcity of money, to get fuel, grain, provisions and other things that were wont to come from the north by way of the Potomac.

Washington has more reason to rejoice at the evacuation of Manassas and the raising of the Potomac blockade, than any other place in the Union, yet it is curious to notice that there are a great many people who seem much dissatisfied with the fact that Washington is no longer in a state of siege. Of course you know I do not refer to the secession sympathizers among us, as it is not at all strange or wonderful that they dislike the idea of a retrograde movement on the part of their friends, which gives the lie to their mysterious yet confident predictions of what they were to accomplish in the capture of Washington and the conquest of the north.

The unhappy ones, to whom I refer, claim to be good Union people, and would knock you down if you doubted their loyalty. Their idea is, that the Confederates have gained a great success in withdrawing from their military stronghold at a critical moment. They are now very sure of what they always thought before—that McClellan is no general; for, say they, a good military commander never allows the enemy to slip through his hand when he is all ready to overwhelm him.

They are pleased to aver that the rebel army of Manassas numbered not much over 50,000 men, and that if Gen. McClellan had moved on their works (vide U. S. Grant) weeks ago, he would have captured the whole rabble, horse and baggage. Instead of which, the grumblers say, he has allowed them to take warning from the disasters and defeats of their western army, and to escape a similar fate at his hands.

No, gentlemen, not so. If the rebels had only 50,000 men at Manassas, they had many more within two or three hours distance, which could all be concentrated there before our army had marched ten miles. For one, I have no doubt they could have confronted our forces with an army of 125,000 men at the very least. This army would have been made up of the flower of the "Chivalry" of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Eastern Virginia, who rushed enthusiastically to arms when Sumpter fell, and who were the first to

be precipitated into revolution when the southern heart was fired. It would consist of men who are rebels from what they imagine is principle, rebels from instinct, rebels from hatred and jealousy of the north, rebels who have not one lingering spark of affection for the Old Flag, rebels who worship slavery as the corner-stone of liberty, and as the foundation of all earthly happiness. Unlike the western secession armies, few in their ranks would be found to have enlisted from compulsion; almost all from choice. It would be a proud satisfaction to the north to crush this congregation of bitter rebels, but who would like our generals to run the risk of giving them another victory over us!

It is nonsense to say that this army, attacked behind batteries and entrenchments by any force, not infinitely superior in numbers, might have been taken like Buckner and his 15,000. This capture of Buckner's command is no fair comparison. Half of Fort Donelson was invested by water; the other half required over 40,000 men to besiege it, though not all were in the fight. In other words, it would have taken in the neighborhood of 75,000 troops to capture the fort and its garrison, were it not for its location where it could be conveniently invested by iron-clad gunboats. Now we could have no help from gunboats at Manassas, and we should need the proportion of five men to the rebels' one to insure success. That is, granting they had only 50,000 men, which I only do from motives of courtesy and for the sake of the argument, we would need an army of over two hundred thousand to crush the rebels in their forts and entrenchments. No one will pretend McClellan could leave Washington with much over half that number.

But, say the fault-finders, the rebel army might have been out-flanked and cut off from additional reinforcements and supplies, and so compelled to surrender. Why was not that done, they ask? And they argue, that the rebels certainly feared the result of the movement of our Union army with such an object would be disastrous to themselves, or they would not have evacuated Manassas so speedily when McClellan began to stir. Since their disasters in the west, they have a mortal dread of being isolated.

Gentlemen, if your premises are granted, your conclusions may be sound. But for one, I dispute your premises. Who tell us that McClellan might have captured the rebel army of the Potomac by a flank movement? Answer—The *N. Y. Tribune*, various newspaper correspondents, and sundry other very sanguine young men who know nothing of military matters, but imagine themselves greater strategists than Napoleon or Wellington. These men engineered our forces into the battle of Bull Run by their "On to Richmond!" cries, at a time when there could hardly be any other result than defeat. This may prove them to have possessed military predilections, but I take it not military judgment or genius. Some of them say that McClellan intended to take the rebel army in this way, and had laid his plans accordingly, but his adversaries outwitted and out-generated him and escaped. How do they know such were McClellan's intentions or plans? No man has been able to penetrate the reserve and secrecy which McClellan throws around his plans; Congressional Committees have given up the attempt in despair. Have these newspaper men, many of them McClellan's bitter enemies, been more favored? I doubt it.

We need not mistrust that if Gen. McClellan and his generals felt that they could capture the Manassas army in this manner, they would have done it, and very proud and happy they would have been too. As it is, McClellan may well claim to have accomplished a great undertaking, in forcing the rebel army to retreat without having to fire a gun. It is undoubtedly his plan, to compel the rebels to retreat till he can meet and capture or annihilate them on ground of his own choosing. His object is certain, decisive and complete success, such a success as will, in his own words, "give the rebellion its death blow."

Again, the assertion that the rebels withdrew because they knew that certain defeat awaited them, had they remained at Manassas. We cannot be sure of the motives which actuated them. But it is evident that they have good generals. Such generals know that it is folly to try to hold Manassas, a position easily turned or flanked, of no intrinsic importance to them in a military point of view, located out of mere bravado in the flush of their newly-won power and prosperity. They have, obviously, all the time been ready to evacuate as soon as McClellan moved. McClellan's enemies say he might have been quicker—have given them no time. I believe that nothing could have prevented their escape. If they numbered only 50,000 men, they could have disappeared with perfect ease in the course of a day or two. If about 100,000, they could have cut their way through any force McClellan should try to surround them with. It is not unlikely that they would march south with flying colors, and a number of prisoners. Our troops would have to be spread around them in the greater arc of a circle, and they could attack any one point with superior numbers, and probably win a victory. On the part of the southern generals, they did not desire to precipitate such an issue; not, I believe, so much from fear of capture or defeat as from an unwillingness to run the risk of a panic seizing their rear guard, when pursued

by the remainder of McClellan's army after fighting their way out, and of its spreading to their whole army. A hurried retreat is a very uncertain and dangerous affair. They wanted to be absolutely sure of safety; McClellan, of victory. Both showed good generalship, but McClellan's is to prove itself of a far higher order. Mr. Greeley might have made a greater dash. But he would have gone up like a rocket, only to come down like a stick.

I would like to dwell on the reference to McClellan's foresight and deep generalship, in the gallant Burnside's official report of the battle of Newbern—but my letter is already too long.

Yours ever,

PHILIP.

For the Guide.

Reminiscences.

The establishment of the "American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb," at Hartford, Conn., nearly half a century since, awoke by the novelty of the enterprise, the curiosity of the philosopher, and the co-operation of the benevolent. It is well known that its inception was referred to the beloved physician, Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, one of whose interesting daughters being deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, concentrated his efforts to the promotion of that object.

The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet seemed consecrated and set apart for this peculiar and able work, and his return from Europe, with Mr. Laurent Clerc, a Professor in the Institution of the Abbe Sicard, at Paris, infused a living soul into its early formation. The last-named gentleman, being himself a deaf-mute, and perfectly acquainted with the extensive and forcible system of signs, was qualified to instruct both teachers and pupils. His thorough attainment of our language in a wonderful short time; principally by studying the dictionary during the voyage from France, his native clime; and his idiomatic mastery of it, with its orthographical intricacies, so as to be able immediately to adapt it to a mode of teaching which analyzes words to their elemental letters, and roots of thought, is a fact almost without parallel in the history of the mind.

The Rev. S. Whittlesey and his lady, a sister of the late distinguished Peter Parley and of the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich, of this city, held faithful charge over the secular department of the Asylum, both before, and after the erection of its present spacious edifice. The subsequent marriage of the Principals Gallaudet and Clerc, with lovely and accomplished young ladies of the class of *Sounds Mutes*, was at that time an unique example, but has since been widely followed, with equally happy results. Especially in the latter case, where both parties were silent, the heart of friendship was gratified to observe that in the careful attention, and refinements of housekeeping, and the successful nurture of an attractive family, there was no deficiency, but rather a model.

The first pupils who arrived, comparatively "few and far between," were objects of manifest interest to the community. Some of the most influential inhabitants sought their acquaintance, and learned the manual alphabet, that they might extend to them some kind inquiry, or cordial salutation. Among these early benefactors, none were more conspicuous, than Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., the founder of our Athenaeum, and his excellent lady. In the social gatherings at their elegant mansion, they were fond of comprehending some of these silent young people, and setting them at ease by courteous treatment, and cheering hospitalities. To facilitate this philanthropic purpose, they assiduously acquired the alphabetic dialect, with an intermixture of signs, and the zealous grace with which these were exhibited by them and their adopted daughter, afterwards the wife of Bishop Wainwright, may still be remembered by some who were admitted to those favored parties, where the shyness of the stranger vanished in joy.

To Mrs. Wadsworth, whose sweet sympathies for the deaf and dumb never faltered, we may be permitted to pay a heartfelt tribute. Her beauty of person, and perfection of manners are still vividly remembered. The daughter of that sainted man, the second Governor Trumbull, she drew from a long line of ancestry, as well as from the resources of education, high principles, and rare accomplishments. Yet the advantages of position and the possession of great wealth, tempted her neither to vanity or ostentation. There was about her, no display of dress, or desire for popularity. Simplicity and sincerity were prominent among the bright assemblage of virtues that formed her character. She never countenanced what was artificial, or concealed what was true, or perverted what was just.

She was remarkable for an accurate judgment. Hence, her advice to others was valuable. She had a quick perception of character, but the foibles which she saw, did not darken her charity, or her estimation of the good qualities that were mingled with them. She possessed a native playfulness of humor, which increased innocent, social enjoyment.

A spirit of order extended to everything under her care, making the arrangements of her household beautiful, and mingling with her elegant hospitalities an untiring industry, and sense of the value of time. In every relation of life she was a perfect lady, and of

christian friendship a model. Her heart was always open to the slightest concerns of those who confided in her. Their sorrows and joys were her own. She never perplexed them by variability of manner, or hesitated to give counsel because it might involve responsibility.

Her life was one of benevolence. To relieve want and comfort affliction were her occupation and delight. Her liberal aims were imparted with a discrimination that never encouraged indolence, or fostered vice. And the basis of all these virtues was a firm and humble piety, taking root in the early morning of life, and growing more vigorous until its close, and brightening to angelic fitness, when the call came to arise and enter into the "Perfect Day."

High bred and graceful as if train'd in court,
Yet gentle to the lowliest sons of peal,
Winning a fervent and enduring love
From those who served her, counting naught
Beneath her, that pertained to woman's sphere
Of household duty—so her life flowed on
A pure example. To society
She lent that charm which elevates and guides.
Yet whether on historic themes she dwelt,
Or a tract suggestive the right—or woke at will
With native humor the impulsive smile,
Or pressed the heaven-born precept, naught was done
From ostentation, or for praise of man;—
Humility, that bath the praise of God,
Enriched her soul.

Judgment was hers, to choose
Best means for woe's end, and speak right words
At fitting times. She had the power to wrap
Reproof in love, that without a sting it wrought
Its work of discipline. She skill'd to unwind
The maze of character, and read aright
The intricate or mis-interpreted,
And with a blessed charity to raise
The trembling motive toward the fostering beam
Casting its mantle o'er the darker faults
Of frail humanity. The casting out
Of self, made larger room for sympathy
In her warm heart. True friendship found'd there
Making another's joys and woes its own,
In fellowship with that celestial band
Who fold their wings around us, lest we dash
Our feet against a stone. For she, than we
Was but a little lower, and might seem
More like an angel presence, shrouded in clay
Than one who shared in our infirmities.
—So felt the poor and sorrowful, who sought
Her help or cure set.

But 'twere vain to speak
Of those unending aims, which she strove
To veil with such a hallow'd secrecy
That scarce the grateful sufferer knew from whence
The balm drops fall that heal'd him.

Led by love
Through many a noxious channel wend their way
Shunning all trace, save what they might not shun,
A daily record in the Book of Heaven.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., March 10th, 1862.

GEORGE A. HOLMES, Esq., of Boston, has kindly favored us with the following interesting letter from an aunt in San Francisco:—
Dear Nephew:—I thought "some account of the California Institution for the Deaf and dumb might be of interest to you, and to the readers of the DEAF-MUTES PAPER:

The Institution for Deaf-mutes in San Francisco is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. A home for the mute has been established on the Mission road; and all additions and improvements are supplied by those persons who take an interest in deaf-mutes. For example: they have just added another wing to their building, which is not only paid for, but there is still remaining on hand—the proceeds of their last three days' concerts and fairs that are always so well attended. The main building is to be raised by having another story added; and they are going to call upon our city fathers for assistance for the purpose.

The Trustees of the Institution will soon have cause to use their surplus money. There are now under instruction some seventy scholars; they are progressing finely, and their affairs generally are in a very flourishing condition. Yet I think it much to the discredit of the city government that it omits to provide a free school for deaf-mutes. I would suggest that the matter be taken in hand by some one, and that he write a pretty severe article on the subject. Cannot some one at home who is capable, give the subject his attention and write me a letter—which I will have inserted in the *Bulletin*—a letter that will rouse the attention of our Legislature to the importance of establishing a free college for deaf-mutes. If some one would take the trouble to do so, I think I could exert some influence in the matter with Judge _____, and get him to introduce the subject in the House of Representatives.

The officers of the Institution are a President, an lady Vice President, a Matron and six Teachers.

You would be astonished to hear how numerous deaf-mutes are out here. Mr. Whitney tells me that there are over six hundred in San Francisco.* He has good opportunities for acquiring accurate information; for his father is physician to the Institution. The latter and his lady give their services gratuitously.

During the late flood at Sacramento, seven of the deaf-mutes—were made houseless; and two deaf-mutes—a gentleman and lady—were taken from the upper story of a building that had floated out to sea, by one of the relief skimmers; and this after they had been in that perilous situation for thirty-six hours without food, expecting every moment would be their last: but they were rescued safe and sound.

*This is undoubtedly an error: there can hardly be less than 1000 in the whole State.—Ed.

For the Guide.

"Fair Deaf-Mute Salaries."

"Ah, consistency, what a jewel that art, and yet how few they are that prize thee!"

A writer in the March number of the *GRIND* endeavors, in a lengthy and labored article, to elucidate the other side of this much mooted question. His position is well chosen, and the subject is treated in a masterly manner.

In many respects I do not disagree with the writer; his argument that the Directors of an Institution are, in duty, bound to endeavor to 'get the very best article at the lowest possible price,—that if one deafmute will not serve at a low salary, another one will,—is certainly very plausible; I am not at all capriciously disposed in the matter of this view of the case; and, as it is the only argument which our good friend brings forward, I cannot, perforce, disagree with him. No more could I disagree with him should he undertake to treat, from like ground, a parallel case dating some three odd thousand years back—that of Jacob and Esau. His deductions are drawn entirely from dollars and cents. Taking his stand upon the ground of ways and means, and waiving entirely the abstract and the sentimental, his position is absolutely impregnable. His moderation is the main element of his strength; he does not attempt to show that speaking persons should be paid high salaries; he only shows that deafmutes should not be so compensated. He entirely ignores, much to my surprise, the oft repeated argument that the speaking teacher must be well paid in order to secure his services permanently; he only shows that such precaution is unnecessary in the case of deafmutes. The ingenuity with which he drives his opponents into a corner and assigns them an untenable position, is truly admirable.

While he has thus replied to those who have been agitating the question, and effectually disposed of them, he has evaded the real issue. A great number of labored and pugilistic essays on the subject have appeared from time to time, apparently addressed by dissatisfied teachers to their precious bread and butter. He has met their authors on their own ground—and only on their own ground—and has left not even the traditional 'six feet by three' for their exclusive occupation.

The position of this gentleman, to be summed up in a few words, is simply this:—It is the duty of the Directors of an Institution to look solely to its material interests; and to this end it is their duty to pay their employees the smallest possible sum that will suffice to retain them. This constitutes the sum total of his long, elaborate article. It is certainly good financial gospel. He theories most beautifully. I now propose to give a few facts for the special good of his digestion. These "facts" are not given in any fault finding spirit; but merely to show that the finely spun theory of our friend is not carried out in practice. I will not insult his moral understanding by enquiring whether the operation of his beautiful theory is confined to any particular class or individual.

The Professors in a certain Institution some years since, petitioned for an increase of salary, on the sole ground of hard times and the high price of the necessities of life. The Directors forthwith allowed them some \$200 additional. Now why was this? The hard times of which they complained would have prevented their securing more remunerative situations elsewhere. Were not the Directors guilty of gross misappropriation of the public funds, in allowing these "unearned and unmerited gratuities"?

Again:—I have the happiness of counting among those with whom I have associated on terms of intimacy, a gentleman, now an esteemed teacher of the deaf and dumb, who spent his youth in studying theology, and his manhood in preaching the gospel; and now, in the afternoon of his life, having in a measure lost his voice, he has become a teacher of deafmutes. He is unable to preach, and is unacquainted with any other profession or trade except that of teaching deafmutes. The Directors could with perfect safety reduce his salary to \$600. To be sure he has a son at college;—it is true he has a large family to maintain;—but no matter—the feelings of the man must not be allowed to interfere with the duty of the officer. If, as our friend says, the Directors deem it their duty to grind their employees, why do they make this an exception?

And yet again:—I enquired a short time ago of a gentleman connected with this Institution, why the salaries of some Professors were not less than those of others, on account of their want of ability. The answer was, in effect:—"The Directors, of course, regard the teachers' feelings; it would be an insult to tell a man that his services were valued less than those of others of no greater experience." This gentleman had been connected with the Institution for more than thirty years, and enjoyed the most intimate personal relations with the Directors.

While the deduction of our good friend cannot be theoretically disputed, it will be seen from the foregoing that his theory cannot have anything to do with the true reason of the Directors in making this difference. Now the question is, not why the mute teacher should receive the "fair professional salary," but why he does not. That there is some good and valid reason, I doubt not; but why does

he not state it? Why does he labor so hard over a mere hypothesis, the creature of his own brain?

The difference between the salary of the mute teacher and his speaking colleague, is a matter of no importance whatever. But as a mute, and a member of an association of deafmutes, I do most vehemently protest against the distinction. By "distinction," I mean the line drawn between the mute and the speaking person—as such. By this caste, the mute is degraded, and given to understand that he belongs to a lower order of beings. Does not justice, and even common decency, require that all distinctions should be between individuals and not between classes? Pay the mute two hundred dollars, while the speaking person receives two thousand, if you will; but do not tell him you do so because he is deaf.

Were John Kitto living the early part of his life over again, with all his resplendent ability—with all his learning,—he could not get, were he to apply for a situation as a teacher at some of our American Institutions, more than the "fair deaf-mute salary," while a graduate from a college, with only a superficial education, wholly unfit to teach deafmutes, would be fully entitled to the "fair professional salary." Surely those essayists in the *Annals* have not forgotten what a terrible bugbear to them was Burnet, and what a lashing he gave some of them, that they should say—"Only highly educated men like us should receive the 'fair professional salary'!" And it is passing strange that they should set down Carlin, than whom there is not a better scholar among them, as one entitled to no more than the "fair deaf-mute salary."

In the name of the Deafmutes of the United States, I demand that the mute be placed on precisely the same footing—moral and social as well as legal—as the speaking person. When this is done, it will be time to ask:—"Is this person a highly educated man?" "What is his character?" "Is he capable?" "What are the lowest terms at which we can secure his services?" Let there be "highly educated-man salaries"—indifferently educated-man salaries—man-of-poor-ability salaries; but let there be no distinctive deaf-mute and speaking person salaries.

I am pained to see the following passage in the gentleman's article:—

"If, however, it be admitted as it probably will be by most writers, that any possible exists for the employment of such highly educated speaking persons as teachers..." Surely, he is not one who can knowingly give utterance to such bitter irony as this. I believe him to be enthusiastically devoted to the cause of deaf-mute education, and one who makes the well being of his pupils his life's study. He certainly cannot be ignorant of the fact, that the mute has poor advantages for obtaining an education; and that, it is rare that one in twenty becomes sufficiently well educated to take the responsible position of a teacher. Even those who have been the most vehement in favor of "equal salaries" have admitted the necessity he speaks of, on account of the paucity of highly educated deafmutes; and I never heard—nor do I believe that he ever heard—of a respectable mute who disputed that at least 75 per cent must necessarily be speaking persons.

I have treated the subject at such length, because I believe it to be one of vital importance to the deaf-mute community; and because I believe that the sentiments of the class to which I belong have been sadly misrepresented in this matter.

And I trust that the good sense of those who have authority in the premises, will show them that the ground I have taken is not unreasonable.

For the Guide.

Deafmute Teachers' Salaries.

MR. EDITOR:—The *GRIND* is a journal devoted to the interests of deafmutes; a public paper open to both controversies on any matter in relation to deafmute education or graduated deafmutes' conditions of life.

In its columns, since its commencement, I have endeavored to promote the welfare of deafmutes,—both pupils and graduates; but I refrained from touching the subject of mute teachers' salaries.—I intended to pursue the same course during the existence of the *GRIND*, unless called up to reply to such communications as might appear in its columns, holding views different from mine.

Now one paper has appeared in the March number; and I shall answer it in a spirit altogether friendly and candid.

Its writer, I understand, is a Professor in one of our oldest Institutions. A speaking teacher, of course. He has a perfect right to express his own opinions on the mooted subject, and I believe I am equally entitled to the privilege.

The Professor—I don't know who he is—began to write in this wise:—"Everything calculated to increase a suspicious and discontented spirit among deafmutes is to be regretted, as tending to alienate their friends, to sour their dispositions, and to impair their usefulness." This deprecating expression makes us penitent—sorry for giving him pain. We shall mend our minds. We do not deny that when we get suspicious and discontented when injustice is done to us. Suspicious and discontented as we are, it is a great consolation to us that speaking persons show these bad qualities in a worse light than we do—see our

prisons, how full of speaking and hearing convicts! behold how sad is this civil war! Its authors—the rebel leaders, lying editors and greenhorns—are not deaf and dumb. So Professor Boncourt will best stop the flow of his commiseration for our frail natures, and think how to accelerate the mental progress of his pupils.

In treating of deafmute teachers' salaries, his opinions are based on the two principles expounded in his article; and I shall consider his arguments one after another if possible. The principles, which he says, should govern the Directors in deciding the questions "what kind of teachers should be selected, and what should be their compensation," are "First, Preference should be given to deafmutes in the selection of teachers so far,—but only so far,—as is consistent with the highest success of the Institution.—Second, The compensation of deaf-mute teachers should be such,—but only such,—as other equally competent deafmutes would accept, if the situation were offered to them."

Throughout his argument, the Professor is silent on the other two important principles, upon which such teachers should be selected and compensated. They are,—*Qualification and Quantity of Labor*. In the selection of speaking and mute teachers, with the view of ensuring "the highest success of the Institution," it requires Directors of the right kind,—such Directors as may be found even tolerably conversant with the peculiar mode of deaf-mute education,—for ascertaining the mental capacities and qualifications of candidates for teachers. And as to compensation, as long as the rule is prevalent, it is extremely difficult for even the most benevolent Directors to push aside the habit of drawing the line between speaking and mute teachers, and compensate their services equally because of their equal quantity of labor.

Referring to his first principle, after having given some general observations, he says:—"If, therefore, deaf-mute teachers are fully competent to achieve the highest success of the Institution, then none but deafmutes ought to be employed as teachers. If they are not thus fully competent, others who are, must be sought for." As we know we have speaking teachers in our Institutions, we would naturally infer from the above that he presumes the mute teachers are not fully competent and the speaking teachers are fully competent, so far as it concerns the highest success of the Institution. What constitutes the highest success of the Institution? In the Professor's opinion, it is not the mute, but the speaking teacher, "who has carried his own education forward from the point where deafmutes usually terminate theirs, by a protracted and expensive course of academic and collegiate study," who can achieve the highest success of the institution. I shall not deny him the pleasure of believing that he is fully competent, and therefore is employed to achieve the highest success, etc., etc. But the question is,—what constitutes the highest success of the Institution? A correct answer must be given to it. That is, teachers—speaking or mute—excellently well qualified to teach deafmutes, constitute it. Certainly they all should be men of education. As there is no college anywhere for deafmutes, they cannot be expected to complete their education to the point where speaking person do at colleges. But by dint of hard application under disadvantages, many deafmutes have acquired an excellent education, and are fully competent to teach deafmutes.

Since the Professor said that speaking teachers are fully competent and mute ones are not, I ask him why are the speaking teachers not always able to carry their own pupils to the point where their mute colleagues have toiled to reach? Why do their pupils still write like mutes—always ungrammatically? If the high class at the Institution is far behind that at the—, in the progress of pupils in language, how is this difference accounted for, seeing that they both have speaking Professors, who have completed their education by a protracted and expensive course of academic and collegiate study? I do not mean to lessen the competency of speaking teachers, but I protest against the Professor's assertion that the well educated deafmutes are less competent than the speaking.

On this point and the others, I shall give more arguments in the next number.

RAPHAEL PALSTIZ.

A Remarkable Deaf-Mute.

There lives in Piacenza, a deaf-mute of extraordinary talents, E. G. M. Moser, a native of Regensburg, who until 1850 pursued his trade as a shoemaker. Since then, he has abandoned the awl in order to devote himself to study, and in a few years has learned, unassisted, fifteen languages, living and dead, besides many dialects; he can write them correctly, and make himself understood in each one. He is a very ready accountant, and solves the most difficult problems with wonderful rapidity, by means of logarithms, of which he is a perfect master. He writes a good hand, and can with great speed write backwards words, entire sentences, or even a discourse. In 1848, he fought among the insurgents at the barricades of Vienna, and his left cheek still bears the scar of a sabre-wound.

—Piacenza Gazette.

Some Account of the Battle at Mill Springs.

ON BOARD STEAMER SILVER WAVE.

March 1st, 1862.

DEAR SISTER:—I wrote mother a short letter from Louisville, informing her of the departure of our regiment from Kentucky, but for what place, we did not know at that time, as we sailed under sealed orders not to be opened until we reached the mouth of the Cumberland River. We arrived at Smithland last evening—28th. General Thomas found that he was ordered with his division to Nashville; and we are now steaming up Cumberland river of that point.

Gen. Thomas has promised to land the boys at Fort Donelson for a short time, to let us have a view of that place, so lately occupied by Buckner and his forces.

Our regiment (Minnesota 9th) and the Ohio 9th, had the honor of winning the day—which we did in good shape—at Mill Springs; and, indeed, if our regiment had given way, everything would have been lost. We were fighting the best troops Zollicoffer had—the "Mississippi Tigers" as they called themselves—and they were good men. They had driven two of our regiments from the field, (10th Indiana and 4th Kentucky,) when we were marched up. We had been held as a reserve for half an hour before this time, and at the time we were called into the field Zollicoffer was sure of victory. His "Mississippi Tigers" came up to meet us with exultant yells. We marched up to within ten feet of each other before a gun was fired. We halted and looked each other in the face for a moment when firing commenced. But we were too quick for them and got our first volley in first, which gave us the advantage at once, as we cut them up in a horrid manner. It moved them down like grass before the scythe, and they recoiled but came back to the charge again like brave men; but our fire from the first round was one steady roll. So Gen. Thomas, who was in the rear of our company, says:—He was through the Mexican war, but he says he never witnessed such sharp fighting during the whole war as at Mill Springs, although the fight was not so long as some. We were under fire nearly one hour, but the battle from the commencement was over two hours.

In several instances, the powder from the enemies' guns burnt our men's faces, so near were we together. My position was on the right of the company. Two of the men next to me fell during the fight. One of my company, who stood about four feet from me was directly in front of a rebel. They were both eyeing each other, and both commenced loading at the same time, after loading (which they completed at the same moment,) they both fired, and both fell dead on the spot.

I have not time to write more at present, but will write you again soon. Much love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

For the Guide.

NOTICES OF EARLY PUPILS.—It may be gratifying to some of the readers of the *GRIND* to see from time to time brief notices of the early pupils of the American Asylum. Their number is gradually lessening by death, and those who remain with the living are now among the aged, and must soon follow to the grave those who have gone before. Thomas H. Howell from Holmesburg, Philadelphia County, was admitted a pupil of the Hartford school, May 17, 1827, by Mr. Gallaudet. He was then 25 years of age, and was the twenty-first pupil received. He continued under instruction but three years, and then went back to his home. He afterwards went to Camden, Kent County, Delaware, and became the owner and manager of a grist mill, where he has been to the present time. When in his 69th year he married a hearing woman much younger than himself, by whom he has had one son, and the mother says "he is not deaf and dumb, and is as bright and intelligent a boy as three ever saw." Mr. Howell is now in his 71st year, in good health and quite active; and may reasonably be expected to grind a good many grists yet for his neighbors, and add somewhat to the resources if not to the number of his family.

Mary H. Howell, sister of Thomas, was admitted to the Asylum, June 11, 1818, at the age of 37 years. She left at the end of three years, was never married, and died April 17, 1841, aged sixty years.

AMERICAN ASYLUM.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR APRIL.—Orange Judd, Publisher, 41 Park Row, New York: \$1 a year; 10 cents a number.

"OSWARI"—every number better than any previous one—is the motto of the *Agriculturist*, and we believe the April number will bear out the motto. In this single paper will be found over a hundred plain, practical, reliable articles and useful items for the Farm, Garden, and Household—including two \$25 Prize Articles on Culture of Indian Corn, and of Flowers; and a full Calendar of work to be done in April in the Field, Orchard, and Garden, embracing hundreds of items. Chapters are given on House-Plans, Tobacco Culture, Manures, "Blood" in Animals, Family Horses, Hired Help, Flax, Directions for growing Sweet Potatoes, Castor Beans and Cotton at the North, Kale, Farm Wheelbarrows, Best Shade Trees, Garden Tools (11 illustrations), Orchards, Grapes, Plant Pests for Farmers; two pages on Housework, etc. The engravings are numerous, including three large Maps of the important war operations, a fac-simile of Ericsson's "Iron-clad Monitor," a beautiful large cut of a Horse and Child; two songs with music for Children, "Marching along" and "Clide Millly the Erring"—etc. There is more actual labor expended on the preparation of the *Agriculturist*, than on any of the \$3 magazines. (The subjects—the innumerable plants, items of cultivation of fruits, flowers, and vegetables—require great research and care.)

The Coming Age.

For the Guide.

From a third rate power, the Republic has become a first rate power. Its population from 19,000,000 has grown to 31,000,000 within thirty years. Its material progress is unsurpassed by any foreign parallel. Ample and remunerative employment has tempted the millions of the Old World. They have not only brought their labor to the American market for the rapid development of the resources of the country, but they have brought an immense amount of money, which has been employed in the same work and contributed to swell the aggregate wealth of the Republic.

These results have been created by the practical genius and talent of the country, constructing railways, telegraphs, canals, improving the navigation of the great water courses, inventing and multiplying steamships, and other appliances for the advance of the useful arts; developing agriculture to a high condition of perfection, and thus creating immense wealth as the capital for manufactures, for trade and commerce which have entered into successful rivalry with the first maritime nations of the earth.

We have always thought ourselves to be a great people; indeed, the smartest nation in all creation. But we little knew until this war broke out of our own great importance in the eye of the world. Our moral and material progress and power in the North has been illustrated in this war for the integrity of the Union.

The other nations have shown that they regard the United States as the most important Power in the world, not only as preserving the balance of power on this continent but in Europe also. The desire of the English aristocracy and government is that the supremacy of the Republic be swept away in its permanent disruption by the Confederate government. The gratification with which the rendition of Mason and Slidell, according to the public law of nations, as determined by the administration, was received by all nations, showed the deep interest they felt in the preservation of our national existence. And how they hailed the removal of a cause which threatened to involve us in a foreign war at a time when we were concentrating all our resources for the suppression of the armed rebellion. In the same way, the glorious news of the recent Union victories which will cause profound satisfaction and rejoicing even among absolutists abroad, will be acknowledged to be a tower of strength to the government and a terror to the rebellion.

We are enabled to carry on a great war entirely on our own resources, and yet preserve unimpaired our general commercial, agricultural and manufacturing prosperity, is considered the most remarkable fact in history. We have much reason to congratulate ourselves, and there is no better evidence of our national strength than is afforded by the fact, through which we are at present passing to emerge with untarnished glory before the world. Verily, we are a great and fast people!

—Port Jervis, N. Y., March 1st.

W. F. R.

MR. EDITOR:—To such of the readers of the *GRIND* as are fond of solving problems, enigmas, charades, &c., allow me to recommend the following enigma, composed about a year ago, by an eminent Theologian in Kentucky. It was not written for publication, but for the amusement of a dealer in such lore. I do not think it can be easily surpassed in acuteness or in depth of originality, by any thing ever produced of the kind. And anyone fond of playing upon words will find it an example altogether worthy of his attention and study.

Enigma.

1st. I do not exist by myself; nor do I qualify many persons; but all the wise are described by me.

2nd. If my centre be knocked out, I cease to be a qualifier, and become a thing; a thing always the same in force but infinitely variable in value.

3rd. If my last half in my second condition be removed, I become a very different thing, to wit, a person, and am both an individual and a race.

4th. If the one third of me in my third estate, be removed, I remain a person still, far more numerous than before, and embracing all faces in all time.

5th. If in my first estate, I be taken entirely to pieces, my elements can be reconstructed into upwards of thirty words (besides the four above stated) and every one a good English monosyllable, although there are not the fourth of thirty elements in me.

6th. To find me out and solve the five predicates concerning me, I can aid the devotees of such nonsense by advising them to be as I am.

An Imposter.

A man representing himself as deaf and dumb, and calling himself John Myers, of Rock Island, is circulating a card "To the Charitable," asking for assistance.

We are informed his name is not Myers, and that he is an imposter, and the public should look out for him.—*Cleveland Herald*, March 8th.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an excellent illustrated paper. The accuracy, beauty and artistic talent exhibited in its illustrations are surpassed in no other; while its reading matter it is unapproachable. A new story by Wilkie Collins, the author of "The Woman in White," has just been begun in it, which is entitled "No Name."

Record of the Rebellion.

THE PAST MONTH.

Feb. 20.—Clarksville, Tenn., taken by the Unionists.

Feb. 24.—Battle at Valverde, New Mexico. The Unionists are forced back to Fort Craig by superior numbers, losing 200 men and 6 cannon.

Feb. 23.—Return of Lieut Gwin to Cairo, after an expedition up the Tennessee river as far south as Florence, Ala. On his way he seized a large quantity of provisions, and beat off 1500 rebels who attacked him.

Feb. 31.—Occupation of Nashville, Tenn. The rebels are found to have left 1600 sick and wounded in the city, in their retreat.

Feb. 25.—Gen. Banks' Division crosses the Potomac again, and for the second time occupies Harper's Ferry, Va. The forward movement of the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, begins. Leesburg, Centerville, Manassas, Winchester and other important places are successively occupied, the rebels retreating with little resistance.

—Through the energy of Gen. Halleck, Missouri is now entirely cleared of the rebels, Gen. Price being driven into Arkansas.

—The Union loss at Fort Donelson, is ascertained to amount to 401 killed, 1515 wounded, and 250 taken prisoners, these last having been sent off by the rebels, the night before their surrender. The rebels state their own loss at about the same number. 15,000 of them were taken with the fort; and a few days afterwards, some 2000 more, who had come to reinforce it, not having heard of its fall.

—According to the most reliable estimates, the number of the available force in the Union armies, amounts to 550,000. The public debt increases at the rate of near \$1,000,000 a day. The available rebel force does not probably exceed 300,000. Many of them have no heart for the fight.

Mar. 3.—Death of Brig. Gen. Lander at Paw Paw, Va., of wounds received in the battle of Ball's Bluff.

—The rebels abandon, and the Unionists take possession of, Columbus, Ky.

Mar. 4.—Com. DuPont, with a part of his fleet, takes Brimstone, Ga. and St. Augustine and Fernandina, Fla. The whole coast of these two States is thus once more in our possession.

—Senator Andy Johnson appointed Provisional Governor of Tennessee.

Mar. 6.—President Lincoln's "Emancipation Message" sent in to Congress.

March 6, 7, & 8.—Great battle at Red Bank, Arkansas. The Union forces 12,000 strong with 49 cannon, under command of Gen. Curtis, assisted by Gen. Sigel and Carr, are unexpectedly surrounded by from 25,000 to 30,000 rebels with 82 cannon, comprising the forces under Gen. Price, Van Dorn, McCullough and McIntosh, together with 2500 Indians, commanded by Albert Pike. After three days fighting, the rebels are completely defeated with the loss of their guns, McCulloch and McIntosh, and from 4,000 to 5,000 men killed and prisoners; the Union loss is estimated at 1,800. The Indians horribly mutilated the dead and wounded who fell into their hands.

Mar. 8.—Gen. Fremont placed in command of the "Mountain Department," thus virtually acquitting him of the charges for which he was removed from the Department of the West, last November.

Mar. 8 & 9.—Naval Battles in Hampton Roads, Va. On the first day the "Merrimac" sinks the "Cumberland" and burns the "Congress." Union loss 150 to 200. Rebel loss, hardly any. Next day, the "Merrimac" returns to the attack but is beaten off with loss by the "Monitor."

Mar. 10.—Santa Fe, New Mexico, taken by a superior force of Texan rebels.

Mar. 13.—Gen. Pope attacks New Madrid, Mo. The rebels abandon the place during the night, leaving an immense amount of military stores, valued at \$1,000,000, which falls into our hands.

Mar. 14.—Newbern, N. C., taken by Gen. Burnside after a few hours' bloody fight. The rebels lost 200 prisoners; the number of their killed and wounded could not be ascertained. We had about 100 killed and 400 wounded.

Mar. 15.—Island No. 10, in the Mississippi river, to which Gen. Erazz and his forces had been transferred when they evacuated Pensacola, Fla., invested by Gen. Pope and Com. Foote. The rebels retreated to this place on abandoning Columbus, Ky., and it is now very strongly fortified.

Mar. 21.—Battle of Winchester, Va. Rebel loss 2000, Union loss 400 to 500.

Mar. 25.—The rebels raise the blockade of the Potomac.

Personal.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I was surprised to learn, the other day, of the removal by Collector Goodrich of Mr. George Homer, a deaf and dumb man. Mr. Homer was no politician, and had held his position for a period of 25 years. The late Capt. Kettel, boasting officer for many years in fact regarded him as his best man. Capt. Smith, whom the present incumbent succeeded, entertained a like favorable opinion of him. He can pull the gears as well as any other man. His misfortune, therefore, instead of being a cause for removal should operate in his favor. Ought not Capt. Hastings rather give way than Mr. Kettel? If Capt. Kettel could not get along with him, ought not the Collector to have told him so shortly that there were things who could?

—Bridges Post, March 7.

Letter from the Backwoods Excursionists.

Taking account of stock—Chesmeconk, or Smith Farm—Navigating Chesmeconk—The Three-mile Ripogenus Carry—Another Jaw-Cracker—Other remarkable Points on the Route—Rips, Falls, &c.—Sourdneunk—Journey to Mt. Katahdin—Ascent—Discomforts attending it—The Stars and Stripes planted on the Summit—A Salute and other Exercises.

MOUTH OF ANOLACKOMEGUS STREAM, August 30, 1861.

To the Editor of the Bangor Daily Times:

Whether you can pronounce it or not, you may be sure that the above is the name of the place of our encampment; but as to the date I would not be so positive, though after a long figuring over the several way-marks of our journey, and a short dispute between Mac and myself, we have settled down upon the conclusion that to-day is Friday;—at any rate we have reached what we consider a sort of climax to our excursion, having just finished a two days' tramp on and about Mt. Katahdin, and as a waning moon and a waning stock of provisions warn us that we have been a little slow in our progress thus far, we have devoted to-day to rest and repairs, preparatory to a fresh start and a more expeditious passage of the one hundred and fifteen miles—nearly half of them through an unbroken wilderness—that stretch between us and our homes. The results of our day's labor are—two pairs of trousers tailored in a style that would scare even the tailors on Taylor's corner—two inside skirts boiled and rubbed till their original white begins to re-appear in some spots—two pairs of boots well greased, but, for shape, looking as though they were made to fit a stump rather than a foot—and a multitude of greasy thumb-marks on the pages of a "Harper" and an "Atlantic."

When I wrote you last we were at Pine Stream Falls, near the head of Chesmeconk Lake, and we left the letter at Smith Farm to take its chance of getting back to the N. E. Carry by some conveyance or other. Presuming that you have received it by this time, we will proceed down river. Chesmeconk or Smith Farm, at the head of the lake, is the centre of a settlement containing within a circuit of a few miles five or six farms, and is the most distant from civilization of any settlement in the State. The principal farm is owned by Mr. Everett, of Greenville, and is now under the superintendence of Peter Walker, Esq., Smith having left more than a year ago. The voyage down Chesmeconk Lake—a distance of sixteen miles—is very plain and easy, but on account of the smart head wind we took two days for it, camping—as ever since—just where night brought us up. The waves and swells on this lake on a windy day are quite formidable to a birch canoe, being fully as large and rough as those we have seen in decent weather on the ocean, and our inexperience made us feel a little ticklish, but we have not been scared yet, even by worse things, being satisfied that what others have been accustomed to surmount, we also can learn to conquer. We were interested in observing here the "lead-works," or apparatus for drawing the drive of logs down the lake in the spring, and the dam and sluices at the outlet, which gave us some insight into the log-driving business. Below the outlet are the first considerable falls in the river, extending three-quarters of a mile, when the river again widens out into Ripogenus Lake. We carried our trap across the Carry-pate on shore, but ran our light canoe through the sluice and over most of the falls. At the dam trout are abundant; and while we camped two days on the border of the Ripogenus Lake we had a continual feast. Near the foot of this lake is the most handsome and eligible farm we have seen on the route. We landed to visit it, but were surprised to find that it had been deserted, evidently for a number of years. Three large barns and shingled and plastered house (a rare thing here), situated on excellent land, with fine springs of water, and as lovely a view as could be desired, were all left derelict, probably because the concern could not be made to pay. Leaving this last vestige of humanity, which made the wilderness seem all the lonelier, we proceeded to the outlet of Penobscot, where are the largest falls on the Penobscot, and with them the much-dreaded "three-mile Carry," which last we took as easy as possible—taking a whole day for the operation, and travelling the whole route—as we have to at every Carry—three times; twice for our traps, and once for our canoe. The falls here present a grand sight, even at the present low stage of water; but in the spring, when the flow of water is probably ten times as great, the rush and roar of the flood through the rocky gorge must be a sublime spectacle. Two miles beyond we came to the Ambige-mackamus Fall and Carry. It being rather hard to get our tongues round this jaw-breaker of a name, we simplified it into "Ambojig-amajagams," which, set to our favorite melody of "We won't go home till morning," made an enlivening song for us, harmonizing very well with the jagged and rocky half mile over which we carried our stuff. Between this and Sourdneunk Fall is the famous three-mile "Horse-race," a succession of rough rapids, where our cautious friends who had been over the route had warned us that we green-horns would inevitably swamp our boat, and

perish of starvation or something worse, before we could effect an exit from the almost interminable forest that surrounded us; we rushed through it with very little damage. The passage of these rips is intensely exciting to one unused to such an operation; and after we had attained a little confidence in our abilities, the wild pleasure of the rush over the perilous route—every nerve strained to keep control of the canoe so as to steer clear of the foam-crested rocks that met us at every side and at every turn—was worth all the hazard.

The falls at Sourdneunk are not very large, but are more of the cataract style than any we have yet passed. We camped almost on the edge of the cataract, and were well rewarded for the pains we took to get up at midnight and take a moonlight view of the fall. Sourdneunk is the pleasantest spot on the river at this season; blueberries are abundant and delicious—plenty of good spring water—large salmon trout in a stream near by—and bears and moose, of which we saw only the tracks, but did not have time to look after. From Sourdneunk we came to this (Aboljack-omegus) stream, which derives its chief importance from its being the nearest route to Katahdin. The trouting at its mouth is excellent. Our camp here—the seventh one we have built—we named Pisgah, from the fine outlook it gave us upon our "promised land," the majestic old mountain, which seems to tower right above us, though its base is five miles distant.

Day before yesterday we took up our line of march for the mountain, striking by compass through the woods, for we know of no particular route to go; and taking with us the large American flag we brought, and for a flag-staff, a long and handsome pitch pole we found on the river, and on which we had carved an appropriate inscription. We camped that night part way up the large "slide" on the south-west spur of the mountain, and thence made the ascent yesterday. Before we got to top of the slide, we found ourselves enveloped in a cloud, and the cold rain beat upon us unmercifully, and we began to think ourselves most unlucky beings; but long before we reached the summit, we were in bright sunshine again. Nevertheless, the breeze was piercingly cold, and the pencil and paper I carried with me to write a letter to The Times from the top of the mountain, didn't come out of my pocket, for it was impossible to sit still without shivering; so we immediately went to work with a will at the main business of the occasion,—made a firm foundation of rocks for our pole, and, nailing our flag to the mast, unfurled to the breeze the ever glorious Stars and stripes—thirty-four and thirteen—there to wave, through sunshine, cloud and storm, alike the welcome of Freedom, from the mountain height, to all who love the shadow of its folds, and her proud defiance to all who dare lay violent hands on her banner or would take from the land it protects the title it has long borne and shall continue to bear with ever increasing glory—"the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

We saluted it with thirty-four guns, double charged; then with three times three hearty cheers; and after singing the national hymn, "My country 'tis of thee," we left for warmer regions. The patriotic speech of Mac, as mounted on the top of the "Monument," he made gestures at the flag with one hand, and stooped to steady himself with the other, as each successive blast of wind threatened to pitch him from his shaky foundation, and the recitation of a patriotic ode by Micawber from the same pedestal will not be forgotten, tho' they cannot well be described.

We reached our mountain camp at half-past four, and concluded to make for camp Pisgah the same night; but darkness overtook us sooner than we expected, and every now and then a big rip or tear in our trousers or a severe contusion on our shins pitching us headlong over a fallen tree into some bottomless bog-hole, would impress deeper into our minds the conviction that travelling by the North Star through cedar swamps and uncleared, burnt land is anything but agreeable. We arrived at our camp at last, infinitely relieved.

We shall probably have no chance to mail this letter till we get to the borders of civilization; after that it will perhaps travel faster than will

The Vain King.

ACTS XII: 20—25.

[Concluded.]

Now I will tell you of the vainest thing that king Herod Agrippa ever did, and of the greatest sin he ever committed. It was a greater sin than killing the apostle James, though that was a very great sin, for it was murder.

What do you suppose this great sin was? The people told him he was a God, and he was very much pleased.

After the death of James, Herod went down to live awhile at a place called Caesarea, which is a city by the sea. And while he was there, he became very angry at the people of Tyre and Sidon, cities of Phoenicia. I do not know what he was angry with these people about; I only know he was very angry. And the people of these cities made haste to send messengers to Herod to appease

his anger. For they feared that he would send his army into their country to destroy their cities and take away their herds of camels and cattle.

And when the messengers came, they went before Herod and bowed very low, and told him that their cities had not meant to insult him. They said, "Oh king! your country nourishes our country. We want to live peaceably with you. We do not want you to make war upon us. We want you to be our friend. We beg your pardon."

The silly king was very proud when he heard this. He rejoiced to see that these people were afraid of him. He felt that he was very great and powerful. And his anger was appeased. And in his vanity he determined to do the messengers an honor, and show them that he was their friend. So he published it abroad, that on a certain day he would make the people a speech. And when the day came, Herod had his throne taken to a great open space called a circus. What is a circus? It was a round place built of stones with seats one above the other. And in the middle was a flat space for men to play and wild beasts to tear each other to pieces.

And Herod, having on his royal robe, sat upon his throne. His robe was very splendid, and it was made of threads of shining silver. And it was on a beautiful day, and the bright warm sun shone down upon Herod and his throne. His robe glittered in the sunlight and sparkled like millions of diamonds. It glittered so brightly, the people could hardly look upon it.

Hundreds and thousands of people came with the messengers, and sat upon the stone seats. And the king stood up in his fine robe to make them a speech. I do not know what he spoke about, I do not know whether it was a good speech or not. But the people seemed pleased with what Herod said. For while he was speaking, some of the people cried out with a shout, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man!"

And did not Herod rebuke the people for such flattery? Did he not command them to be silent when they talked to him in such a way? Did he not tell them how wicked it was to talk so profanely? Was he pleased when he heard the people give such a shout? In the vanity of his heart, he was greatly delighted that the people should say he was a god. He was not angry in the least. I think he went on speaking, trying to speak better than before. But the Lord heard the wicked shouting of the people, and saw the vanity of Herod, and he was very angry indeed. And did he punish Herod? Because "Herod did not give God the glory," because he thought he was great and wise as God, because he did not thank the Lord for making him great and wise, and because he believed what the foolish people had said to him, the Lord sent his angel down to smite him. And the angel came and smote Herod with worms in his bowels. And Herod fell down on the stone steps, and strong men carried him away to his palace. Did he get well? No doctor could cure him, for the Almighty God had smitten him. And in a few days he died, eaten of worms. The worms made great holes in his bowels and stomach and he could not stop them. No medicine could relieve his pains. No friends could cure him. God killed him as a punishment for his vanity. What a horrible death to die—to be eaten of worms!

And did God kill those wicked men who shouted? He did not punish them as he punished Herod, for they were not as wicked as Herod. Perhaps he sent a punishment upon them, but I do not think he punished them severely, for many of them were very poor and ignorant. They did not believe that Herod spoke really like God. They only wanted to please him, they wanted to make him their friend. They were afraid of him and they feared that if he should get angry with them he would put them to death. They were willing to say anything to make the king glad and kind to them. They knew that he had a bad temper, and that his anger was very fierce, so they cried out, that he spoke with the voice of a God.

Now remember, reader, how God has punished the sin of vanity. A young person may be vain a little, and he may think it is a very small matter, but Satan may tempt him to become more vain and more vain, until he is very vain. And God punished vain Herod by death, that you may know how he is displeased with all persons that have vain hearts.

We all like to be told that we are smart, or pretty, or clever. And we are fond of persons who say such things to us. But when we are praised, we should give God all the glory. For it is He who has made us, and who gives us all the good things we have, and helps us to do all the good things we do. We cannot think a good thought, or say a good word, or do a good act without God's help. And we should be very humble, when we remember that we deserve no praise, and beg God to save us for Christ's sake.

EXPENSES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—The entire expense of the Revolutionary War was stated in the report of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of Treasury in 1791, to be \$135,000,000. The debt which was left for posterity to pay was \$75,000,000. The population was then estimated at three millions; as we have now upwards of thirty millions, a debt of \$750,000,000 now would be in the same proportion. But the wealth and productive resources of the country have increased vastly beyond the ratio of population increase. Therefore a debt of a thousand millions upon the country would not be so onerous as was the seventy-five millions at that time.

"Immorality in Schools for Deaf Mutes."

This subject has been harped upon and howled about, time out of mind, with all the astuteness that "Raphael Palette" & Co.—all the vulgarity that the "Mammal Alphabet" could manage to bring to bear upon it. Now the Guide is intended for an agreeable family paper, and such unpleasant subjects ought not to have a showing in its columns. It is a matter of surprise to me that the Editors of the Guide should ever have allowed the publication of such obnoxious articles: the only proper place for them, if there is any, is in the Reports of Conventions of Instructors of Mutes. But one side of the question has had a showing, and so must the other.

I do not pretend that any one of our American schools is a miniature heaven on earth or a paradise without a serpent. Mutes are human beings; they are neither angels on the one hand, nor brute beasts on the other. As babies they bawl and bump their noses, tumble down stairs and suck candy in the most approved fashion; as boys they play marbles, swap jack knives, hook apples and get whipped; as youths they sport miraculous neck ties, immaculate shirt bosoms and marvelous unmentionables, cultivate mustaches and ogle the young ladies, who in turn straightway fall in love with them; in due course of time they get married and settle down perhaps to raising corn and potatoes—and a family—just exactly as other people do. To all whom it may concern I would say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, no place where school-boys and school-girls do congregate can show a greater proportion of youthful manliness and maidenly modesty than our Institutions for Deaf-Mutes—"R. P." and "The Mammal Alphabet" to the contrary notwithstanding. There are black sheep in every flock, to be sure. The only distinction in the matter is that mute children just released from their long confinement in

"The strong prison which silence keeps," are prone to gossip and exaggeration. It does not take long for a molehill to become a mountain in such hands.

Now all these windy articles attempting to prove that "mutes are little better than brutes" I declare to be bosh, bosh, nosit, from beginning to end.

Messrs. Editors, this is the extent of my communication as limited by my original design and your invitation. With your leave, however, I will now proceed to give some ideas of my own, having a bearing on this subject.

I have no desire to enumerate all the little peccadilloes which persons, other than pupils connected with schools for the deaf and dumb may have been "innocently guilty" of; but, in connection with the subject which is the heading of this article, I wish to say a few words. I wish to touch a sore spot in the consciences of a very few of these reverend gentlemen who "sacrifice" themselves for the benefit of the deaf and dumb at the rate of a thousand or two thousand dollars a year. A few of these gentlemen—

[Our correspondent may "touch the sore spot" if he chooses; but we decline to let him use our paw to do it with.]

After "touching the sore spot," which he does greatly to our edification and "those reverend gentlemen's" prospective discomfort, the writer goes on to say:—

Now the discipline of any school is measured by the respect in which the pupils hold their teacher. So soon as he loses their respect, he loses all control over them. To gain their respect it is of very great importance that he practices what he preaches. It would be no more absurd for Falstaff to hold up the abstinence example of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego than—

[He had better "dry up" here; he is getting altogether too personal.—Ed.]

Farmers' Column.

CORRECTIONS.

I am somewhat mortified to see that in the March number, the printer has in two places, made me speak of *tatted* rails; I wrote *barked*, and hope this correction will appear in time to prevent anyone building an oven to bake rails in. Those readers of the Guide who were raised on farms, know that chestnut or butternut are much more durable when the bark is stripped off; which can easily be done if the timber is cut at the time (May and June) when the bark runs freely. The barking is especially important for rails too small to split. Some advise, however, not to bark the lower end of posts.

In another place, the printer makes me speak of the stakes in a stake and pole fence being *removed*, to make the fence stand longer. I wrote *renewed*; i. e., new stakes should be put in when the old ones give out. In yet another place, I am made to speak of rails wearing out with the dripping of the air; whereas I wrote dripping of the *rain*.

DAY AND LIQUID MEASURE.

On the second page of the Guide for March, is a "valuable table," copied without careful examination from an exchange paper, some of the figures in which are very erroneous. For instance, "a box 27 by 16 inches square, and 28 inches deep," contains, as every schoolboy can cipher out, (by multiplying 24 by 19 and the product by 28) 10,752 cubic inches, which is just five bushels, not three, as printed. The contents, by the way, will be the same if the box be 28 inches by 24, and 16 deep. It will be useful to fix in the memory, that a box or bin 28 inches wide and 16 deep, will contain just 10 bushels of grain to every 4 feet of length. Of potatoes, apples, or corn in the ear, the measure of which it is customary to heap up, the number of bushels will be about one fourth or one fifth less.

To notice but one more of the erroneous statements of the table in question, "a box 26 by 15 1-2 inches, and 8 inches deep," contains 2221 cubic inches, which is very nearly a

bushel and a half, instead of one bushel, as printed.

It is of great importance to farmers, and indeed to all who have to buy and sell by measure, to be able to test the accuracy of measures; and to ascertain the number of bushels or gallons in a box or vessel. I would therefore, advise every reader of the Guide, to fix firmly in his memory the standard contents in cubic inches, of the bushel, and of the gallon.

The standard bushel of England and America is 18 1-2 inches in diameter, and 8 inches deep. These dimensions give the contents in cubic inches 2150.4 (remember the last 4 is a decimal, and stands for 4 tenths.) Dividing this by 8, we find the gallon of dry measure, to be 268.8 cubic inches. Dividing this by 4, we find the quart dry measure should contain 67 1-5 cubic inches.

There are two standards of English liquid measure; one used for ale and beer, with a gallon of 282 cubic inches; the other, more generally used in America, is called *wine measure*, and has a gallon of 231 cubic inches, and a quart of a fraction less than 58 cubic inches. The quart of dry measure, or the wooden quart, thus exceeds the common tin quart nearly as seven to six. This is the reason some people make it a point to buy small fruit by the wooden quart, instead of the tin quart. A basket of fruit that would fill 28 tin quarts, would hardly fill 24 wooden quarts; and if any heaping up is claimed and allowed, the difference will be still greater. If a quart dry measure sells for 7 cents, a quart of wine measure is worth in proportion, hardly 6 cts.

Heaping up, as most of our readers know, is customary in measuring apples, potatoes, turnips, and other roots, corn in the ear, and similar articles. In measuring grain and salt, the custom is to strike the measure, with a straight piece of board, level with the top of the half bushel or peck. Some contrive to do this by such jerks as to scoop out a pint or more. The difference between struck measure and heaping measure, varies according to the fairness or liberality of the measurer; but may average a half peck in a half bushel. I have often found that a flour barrel, which will hold over three bushels of struck measure, will only hold two and a half bushels of heaping measure.

To prevent impositions in measuring grain, the laws of many, if not all the states, prescribe a certain legal weight per bushel. In New Jersey, for instance, a bushel of oats should weigh 30 lb. (in some other states, I think 32 lb.) one of corn or rye 56 lb., one of buckwheat 50 lb., and one of wheat 60 lb. In buying of dealers, it is generally safer to take the grain by weight than by measure. Ask first how many pounds their grain will weigh per bushel, and see that it does weigh that. You will then not have to dispute about the difference between grain running loose into the measure, and grain settled or packed down.

Every man who is tolerably ready at figures, fixing in his memory, that a bushel is 2150.4 cubic inches, and a gallon liquid measure 231 inches, can at any time calculate the contents in bushels or gallons of any box or vessel of tolerably regular shape. For mental calculations, where much accuracy is not important, a very good guess can be made by taking the measure in feet, and allowing four bushels to five cubic feet.

If you wish to measure the milk from a cow far the readiest way is to weigh it. A pint may be allowed to every pound, though it will weigh perhaps an ounce more.

OATS.

April is the time to sow oats, one of the most important of our northern crops. Where the ground is light, sow as early as it can be well ploughed and harrowed. If the ground is heavy, I would prefer not to sow until the cherry trees come into blossom. If sown earlier than that on such ground, there is danger of the soil being beaten down hard by heavy spring rains before the oats can get a start.

If you buy your seed, choose a clean, heavy kind, say as much as 35 lbs. per bushel; and be careful not to get oats that have heated in the mow or bin. My grandfather got a lot of oats to sow, that had had the germ killed by being thus heated. Not a kernel ever came up. Take care the seed is not full of weed or thistle seeds. You might as well bring a lot of rattlesnakes on your farm, as a lot of seed oats full of Canada thistle seeds.

A lot well manured for corn last year is best for oats. They will, indeed, grow tolerably well on poor land, but at the expense of exhausting the soil, which no good farmer will allow on his own land.

If you wish to try the effect of guano or super-phosphate on oats, I advise you to apply those stimulating manures to part of your lot, and leave the other part without. Then at harvest, you can judge whether the difference is great enough to pay the cost and labor. If you try such an experiment, please send the result to the Guide.

PLUGHING.

There is no surer mark of a good farmer than good ploughing. A poor farmer will only scratch over his land; or, in his hurry to get over a lot, will cut and cover, so that it may seem ploughed, while hardly half of the surface is turned or even loosened. No one has a right to expect half a crop from such ploughing.

In perfect ploughing all the furrows are of equal width and depth, and perfectly straight; and every part of the sod or surface mould is turned over, not flat, but so that each furrow lies rests on the edge of the next. Every good farmer will aim to come as near to such ploughing as he can: and will never leave an inch of sod or surface mould unturned by the plough. If he meets a stone that throws the plough out of the way, he will have it out of the ground at once. No lot is fit to plough with such stones in it. The loss of time and the damage by breaking ploughs, harrows, and harness will swallow up the profits of cultivating such land. If you have such stones in your lot, plough it deep with a steady team, and have a man or stout boy at hand with a crow-bar to get out every stone that impedes the plough.

GRAFTING.

April is the time for grafting. Make it a rule to set out a few good fruit trees every spring; and you will find your farm to increase in value year by year. If you can graft your trees yourself, it will save a few dollars that would else go to the nursery-man. A few dollars saved in this way every year, will go far to help make you comfortable in your old age. It is very easy to learn to graft, from seeing it done. In selecting grafts, be sure they are of a good kind, and from a healthy tree; and endeavor to have a variety of fruit on your place, so as to have a supply of good fruit, from the time the harvest apples and pears ripen, all through the next winter and spring.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

These being hard times, one way to practise economy is to eat corn bread and cake instead of wheat: at least in part. In the January, February and March numbers of the *American Agriculturist* you may find a hundred different recipes for making good corn bread and cake.

J. R. B.

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LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.

1862.

HOW completely the plan of this work is adapted to all the changes of the Times, has been shown in this year. Without encroaching upon the space necessary for the choice articles from the

FOREIGN REVIEWS, MAGAZINES AND JOURNALS,

upon the other literature and books of the day, a few pages every week record, for present edification and future reference, the spirit of the

War of our Great Rebellion.

We hope that before the end of 1862, we may be rejoiced to communion with many friends and "fellow-countrymen" (as Judge Pitkin, in England, has just called us) in the South—men who have been forced to submit to the coming minority. We long to testify to the noble and patriotic spirit, and to all who will like faith, how deeply we prize the bonds which connect us with them, and how joyfully we shall receive them to our hearts when this tyranny shall be overpast.

It is hardly necessary to say much to the readers of the Guide, who are already well acquainted with the value of LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. Both have been highly commended by Chancellor Kent, Justice Story, and President Adams; by Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor,

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